

The history

At ample point all that I did possesse,
Saue these mens lookes, who do me thinkes finde out:
Some thing not worth in me such rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vlisses*
He interrupt his reading, how now *Vlisses*?

Vliss. Now great *Thetis* Sonne,

Achil. What are you reading?

Vliss. A strange fellow here,
Writes me that man, how derely euer parted:
How much in hauing or without or in
Cannot, make boist to haue that which he hath,
Nor feeles not what he owes but by reflection:
As when his vertues ayming vpon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe:
To the first giuers.

Achil. This is not strange *Vlisses*,
The beauty that is borne here in the face:
The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe,
To others eyes, nor doth the eye it selfe
That most pure spirit of sence, behold it selfe
Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye opposed,
Sallutes each other, with each others forme.
For speculation turnes not to it selfe,
Till it hath trauel'd and is married there?
Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

Vliss. I do not straine at the position,
It is familiar, but at the authors drift,
Who in his circumstance expressely prooues,
That no man is the Lord of any thing:
Though in and of him there be much confisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others,
Nor doth hee of himselfe know them for aught:
Till he behold them formed in the applause.
Where th'are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voice againe or like a gate of Steele:
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders back
His figure and his heate. I was much rap't in this,
And apprehended here immediately,

Th

of Troylus and Cresseida.

Th' vnkowne *Aiax*, heauens what a man is there?
A very horse, that has he knowes not what
Nature what things there are.
Most obiect in regard, and deere in vse,
What things againe most deere in the esteeme:
And poore in worth, now shall we see to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him
Aiax renown'd? O heauens what some men doe,
While some men leaue to doe.
How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes,
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantoness.
To see these Grecian Lords, why euen already:
They clap the lubber *Aiax* on the shoulder
As if his foote were one braue *Hectors* brest,
And great *Troy* shrieking.

Achill. I doe beleeeue it,
For they past by me as misers do by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word nor looker:
What are my deeds forgot?

Vliss. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
A great siz'd monster of ingratitude,
Those scraps are good deeds past,
Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soone as done, perseuerance deere my Lord:
Keepes honour bright, to haue done, is to hang,
Quite out of fashion like a rusty male,
In monumentall mockry? take the instant way,
For honour trauells in a straight so narrow:
Where on but goes a brest, keepe then the path
For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,
That one by one pursue, if you giue way,
Or turne aside from the direct forth right:
Like to an entred tide they all rush by,
And leaue you him, most, then what they do in present:
Though lesse then yours in passe, must ore top yours.

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For